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My Darling's Shoes.

God bless the little feet that can never go For the little shoes are empty, in my closet

laid away, I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting

till I see It is a little, bulf-worn shoe, and much too

And all at once I feel a sease of bitter less and pain, And sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh! little feet that weary not, I wait for

them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore;

And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so eld, I try to think my darling's feet are treading

streets of gold; And then I lay them down again, but always turn and say,

God bless the little feet that now so surely

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see, The little form beside me, just as it used to

The little face uplifted, with its soft and ten-

born for Paradise.

I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp

the empty air. For there's nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away, Until l meet my darling where his feet can

When I no more am drifting upon the surg But with him safely landed upon the other

shining way,
For the little feet can never, no, can never

go astrav.

DID SHE DO RIGHT?

BY MYRONA WILLARD.

A fearfully cold, blustering day it was, late in December, just at the season when mirth and pleasantry should have reigned supreme over all their subjects; but a time of unutterable desolation to at least one of God's creatures, as she stood the sweeping gale, as it tashed by laden with five dust, and stinging chill, almost reczing her in its ruthless pitilessness She looked up and down the long, deserted street, that never looked dre rier than then, as she bade it a mournful, silent good-bye.

Opposite, the doors were all fast closed, and in the rapidly pathering twilight she saw the warm glow of the fires, the ruddy, welcoming lights that had been seemingly lighted to mock her own cheerless lonesomeness; and it seemed to her, in her bittercess, that she could see a mocking, derisive smile on the face of all Daisyville, that she, proud Isabel Kent, the daughter, and once the heiress, of proud Thomas Kent, was to-night to leave her home a poor girl, to battle with the world, which had once been her slave, and was now her

master. With a shiver, less of cold than distress, Isabel Kent turned away from the darkening streets, and into the hall of the large, elegant, empty house. A single gas burner was lighted, sending the shadows from one place into another, and that was all the light there was to

illumine her departing footsteps. In the silent parlor, where the rich paper seemed to mock the empty desolation, stood Isabel's trunks, packed, and strapped, and marked; and how the girl's lips quivered, as the light revealed

"Miss Kent-Passenger-Colneyton." So it was there she was going. Two hundred miles from home, friends-if friends there were, who had turned the cold shoulder when her father's will had declared her worse than penniless-had left to her fond, broken heart, the legacy of dishonor and deot. It was that knowledge that had proven almost too much for her; otherwise, how finely, if sorrowfully-how carnestly, if lonesome ly-she would have born poverty, and faced the world which owed her a living. But everything seemed so changed now; even Isabel Kent herself had changed from a joyous, careless girl, to a stern,

A hired vehicle rolled up to the door. and when the driver had attended to her luggage, and the old female servant Regular Boarders received at Reasonablo had kissed her gloved hand, she was

embittered woman.

with a mirthless little laugh, as she sat Folsom was as enraged by Isabel's in- be called for by the railway omnibus." upright in the vehicle, and watched the houses that held people she feared she "Aunt Clara," she said, when Isabel

At the station-house she had little time to think-the crowds, the noise, the glare, the incoming and departing trains-for Daisyville was an important

After she had procured her ticket, she sat down on a seat just opposite the door; and so, when Charles Roberts came in, she saw him before he saw her He advanced straight over to her, as soon as he recognized the black roted

" sabel, I am tempted to take you away from here by simple force. I have been to the house, but you were too quick for me. Isabel, will you persist in this foolishness?"

He had taken a seat next to her; but, near as he was, he could not see the paling anguisa that lay in her pure, cla sic face, or the flush of momentary wrath that followed his eager, impulsive

"It is not foolishness, Charles, What should I do if I did not go to Mrs ----He interrupted her in his quick, hot headed, earnest way.

"Where should you go, true enough, my darling? Is not my home lonely for the want of you? Does not my heart cry out fer you, its queen? Isabel, there is yet ten minutes; won't you course there was perfect apparent light! think of it again, and let me take you from this place to be married to me, and to my home forever? Remember, my Isabel, how I love you."

Under her thick crape veil Isabel's lips grew tightly compressed, and a slow. red bloom came to her checks. It was a great temptation; she, so lonely, so fragile, to go out into the world, nothing but a companion to a rich, strange woman, whose face she had never seen; and here was Charles Roberts, with his splendid house, his matchless carriage and horses, his handsome face, and irrepreachable character, who sat beside happy!" her, begging her to accept it all.

But Isabel was a proud woman, and she could not brook the idea of marrying for home, for mere gratitude, even if she knew the offer came from the man who, she felt, worshipped her.

But for all this, she did not lave Charles Roberts; and there lay the secret of her refusals-they had been many, of him. And now again, with the chilling look out on the world before her, she decided that she would work to the death before she would be the wife of man to whom she could not give her

"I have made up my mind long ago, Charles, and indeed it grieves me to find that you cling to me so. I am sorry ; I wish for your sake I might view these things in the same light you do; but I can't. It is impossible, that is all. There comes the train "

She arose, as the long train came in with a sad, pitying look at her lover's

"We will try to be friends, then, Isabel, though heaven knows how mocking and empty friendship is after love Write to me; if ever trouble comes, com mand me to any extent. You'll promise

so fierce a clutch, that Isabel almost

"Good bye, Charles, good-bye!" She was really gone at last, on the

way to her destination. That was a long, lonely ride, and many tears fell back off that heavy, masking veil, before she arrived at Colneyton, on a clear, bright morning, when the streets were swarming with life and gaiety. It revived her somehow, and she felt almost contented when a respectful railway official tapped her on the shoulder, and

pointed to a waiting carriage. "The driver has been asking for a young lady from Daisyville. I believe you took the train there, Miss?"

And so she found herself in Mrs. Cravern's carriage; and, later, in the lady's presence.

Mrs. Cravern was an invalid, passably good-looking, who received her newlyengaged companion with a polite welcoming and kind interest, that would have gone straight to Isabel's heart, had not her pride and reserve been challenged by the young lady to whom Mrs. Cravern introduced her.

"This is my niece, Miss Folsom; Miss

Isabel acknowledged the presentation; and if she was stung to the quick by

weep and suffer all the long hours, "shall the house. you allow her to mingle with our visitors? She is much too elegant and aristocratic to pass unneticed among company."

"As often as I can spare ber, of course. Why should she not see a little enjoyment, poor child? You are getting jealous again, Ellen?"

"You remember how my music governess foiled me in that affair with Warren Raymood? I don't care that this proud, fair girl and I should run a face for Charles Roberts."

"You have no reason to suppose that Charles Roberts cares for you; you never as you promised me to do if you needed met him more than a dozen times." "True. But I care for him."

"We'll not trouble ourselves about

Day after day went to, and of the scores of gentlemen who had called on Mrs. Cravern and her niece, Isabel had upon it.

Isabel had grown to comprehend perfectly Ellen Folsom, and treated her accordingly. Sometimes when Ellen wanted a favor done se would go to Isabel, and Isabel would do it. Of cord ality between them, while really they were at swords' points.

It was one day, when Isabel had been two months there, that in passing by the parlor door, she came face to face with Ellen and Charles Roberts. How she hated herself for that sudden blush she felt burning on her cheeks; but as she glanced up and caught Ellen's ledge to her. cornful, angered eyes, she suddenly grew perfectly composed and calm.

"Isabel! is this really you? Why, I had not the slightest thea you had come to Mrs. Cravern's! Are you well and He bent to whisper quickly the last

word. Isabel gave him her hand with hall. her old-time grave quiet and hauteur. "Quite, thank you. The friends in Daisyville are all well?"

"Oh, yes, and you can't conceive how

"That is pleasant to know. somewhat of a hurry, Charles-Mr. Roberts. Good-bye;" and she hastened on without another word.

Once in her room, she sat composedly down to her work, while Mrs. Cravern was out for her noon ride.

She wondered if Charles had forgotten her-that is, ceased to care for her? She asked herself the question in a careless sort of way, and then went on to think how nice he and Ellen looked together; and of a sudden a frightful revelation came to her-so sudden it fairly took her breath-so blissful, her senses ached with joy, and yet so dreadful she thought she should not survive it. All this in a magical second, and the revelation was this - she loved Charles Roberts, and had loved him all the time; and he loved her not any longer.

but Ellen Folsom! At that very moment Ellen came in. in all the blooming beauty and stylish

elegance that characterized her. "I have come to you for my first congratulation. Charles says you were once an old friend of his."

Isabel felt her eyes grow dim as she anticipated the news. "I am an old friend." It was all she

said. But how fully, entirely, she experienced the truth of her lover's words that night they parted! "We've not decided on the wedding-

day, but Charles is in a great hurry Most lovers are, I suppose. But you are going to wish me joy?" "Oh, of course, all it the world!"

She wasn't very enthugiastic; but it was her will that forced her to speak; her heart was too sore.

"And there's another thing, Isabel. You must pardon me for saying it, but I'm sure your good judgment will ap preve. Charles has told me of your little love passage; and I thought that as you had once been so much to him.

the first words, with vivid, blushing cheeks and flashing eyes. Now, with find, my mother shall have." low, scorching tones, she interrupted her -"Enough! I comprehend your's and he tended it all the long voyage home; spring, and that plug-tobeco ought to Mr. Roberts' delicacy. Give my apolo- and when he stood with it in his hand, be knocked off the trees with clubs inwhirled away to what? she wondered, the frigid hauteur of the fair girl, Miss. gy. to Mrs. Cravera. My-trunks will at the door of their small dwelling place stead of being picked off with the hand." light at the sound of Dixie."

She put on her hat and mantle, and without vouchsafing a word to the had gone to her room that night, to delighted, triumphant girl, went out from

for suggasting that story. I knew her finely in its new home. Soon after, a proud spirit would up in arms and leave me a clear field to win him. I only hope I have uttered a prophecy. As if I didn't read aright their secret !"

She had made a slight mistake, how-

And poor Isabel, her cheeks burning. walking on to the station that she had she would go, when a glad, joyous voice | slips from it. called her name.

"Isabel, were you going home to me,

She instinctively recoiled a step Then, seeing that no one was in the waiting-room but themselves, she threw back her veil, and gave him the full benefit of ber indignation.

"How dare you ask me such a ques tion, when your lips have so lately asked seen none, for all her kind friend insisted Ellen Folsom to be your wife? Charles Roberts, I had thought better of you."

And then she cried. Wasn't it just ike a sensitive, loving, over-wrought woman to do that? And Charles Roberts' heart gave a great throb of de-"Oh, my Isabel! Now I know that

you love me; else, why this accusation -these teare? I never have spoken of love to any woman saving yourself. Isabel, you believe me? You love me Like a solemn truth, she could not

help believing, came the blessed know-"I believe you. I love you!"

And in the momentary desertion of that busy, public place, Isabel Kent knew she was alone no longer for ever An hour later, when the railway the trunks, Ellen met the two at the crazy." This amused the husband, who

"Please send the future Mrs. Roberts' trunks down, Miss Folsom."

It was true. They were engaged to be married and I.llen had been punished, as liars and plotters are punished it not so soon, so surely; if not in this world, on the other side of the river.

The Sailor and the Fuschia.

BY J. C. M'CABE.

Near a seaport town, in the year 1871 there lived a poor woman and her only son a lad of about sixteen years. By great industry in mending nets, patching sails, and doing all kinds of little odd jobs, they barely managed to make a poor living. Her husband had been a sailor, and, like some other sailors, after many years of going and returning safely, at last bade good bye to his home, set sail, and was never heard of again. There was a long, weary time of expecting. hoping and watching for some tidings of the missing ship-but in vain; none

It was natural the boy should turn for a livelihood to the life his father had chosen and loved; and it was natural that his mother, after one loss should

dissuade him from it. "Do not tell me of the money you will money? Think of your poor father." However his desire to try the ocean surmounted all obstacles, and one bright morning he stood before her to say good-

he, cheerfully.

"Bring me yourself," she sobbed, through her ters; "it is all I want." "But, mother, you must tell me some-

thing" said he; "tell me something now. The widow lifted her head; she thought of nothing, and cared for nothing in her great sorrow; she glanced at the open door. "Bring me, then," said she, "a flower for my garden".

So the sailor boy departed. It would

be a long story to tell all his adventuand he'll be coming her, so often, it res; until, at last, from a port in Chili, would be prudent for you to find anoth- the captain resoved to sail for home It was the last day on shore, when the Isabel had risen to her feet almost at lad remembered his mother's request. "A flower, and the handsomest I can

The plant was obtained, and carefully

and merrily sang out, "Here I am mother, and here is your flower!" one can scarce imagine the happiness of that humble little home.

The widow hugged and kissed her boy "I have to thank my presiding stars and planted her flower, which throve gentleman, traveling that way, saw it, admiried it, and paid her a large price for a slip from it. In richer soil it became still more beautiful. Its sprouts were sold for twenty guineas a plant the southern portion of E Practices and this was the beginnig of one of our most splendid fuschias. It is stated that Pamlico Sounds; the apex of two lines a high offer was made for the entire of grace for the youthful chartographist arrived at so lately, wondering where plant, but the widow would only sell in the first class in geography. But let-

Dolly Vardens.

If husbands are to be mistaken in "Dolly Varden" dresses, at with an un tortunate husband in Philadelphia, the sooner the fashion is squelched, the bet ter will it be for the peace of society. The husband in question one night missed from the supper table his wife Matil da, and inquired of his little boy whither had she gone, and just at that moment the dining room door opened and a lady entered. The husband observed a wild look in her eye, and also noticed that she was attired in an outlandish style, having on as he says, a dress with sunflowers, and cabbages and pumpkins worked all over it, and a lot of snakes

squirming around for a back ground. Rising, the man said,"Madam, whom do you wish to see?" and then said, aside, "Poor thing she's crazy." That last remark settled the business for him, as the weird female made a bolt and tightly grasped his Adam's apple and choked him until his face assumed the color of a banner of the Commune. After she had enjoyed a surfeit of choking her husband she flopped into a chair, and with tears coursing each other down her cheeks, exclaimed: "That I should ever omnibus drove up to Mrs. Cravern's for live to hear my husband say that I was

"You can't blame me. Madam, for supposing you an insane women, and now that I know you are the mother of these interesting children, will you ha the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window

curtain, or whatever it is you call it." "Window curtain, chintz!" said the spouse; why it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern too."

"Madam," replied the husband, "we may be out of head, but if that is aDolly Varden we are most decidely out of pocket. Why it looks like a circus dress. and the idea of a woman at your time of

"My time of life!" "Yes, your time of life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze act in the back yard. Why it is enough to give a man the delirium tremens to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad. You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign. And now just bounce out here with that Feeje battle flag, or

you'll scare the baby to death." There was an ominous pause for moment, and then the eldest daughter is raw not cold cloome You

"Why you ought to be ashamed of bring me," said she. "What care I for yourself, father. It's all the style, and ling and plunging and rooring and crosk-I am going to have one, too; there now" "Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, the second eldest. "Any more?" gasped the husband: "Are there any more? Hadn.t What shall I bring you mother?" said the baby better have one? guess I'll get one myself. How do they make up for pantaloons. I.a! Ha! Ha! (demoniacally.) Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkeys selling lamps posts. How would a chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmount Park?" All the rest is a the nose. To all such it will be interblank. The unbappy husdand has just been liberated from an asylum and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress him in a Dolly plished. It consists in driving a tack Varden, marked out with the ground into the bridge of the nose and hanging plan of the streets of Boston.

> The last joke at the expense of H . G reports that "in an agricultural essay on tobacco he asserts that the fine cut will not ripen well unless the tin-foil is stripped from the growing bud early in the

What is Hatters.

We call attention of those policy holders who wender why the Travelers charges a small extra premium for s voyage near Cape Hatteras, to an answer to the above question, made in the Inc dependent, by Rev. Dr. Crosby, who has been there:

"It looks pretty on the man-a tra

clean, angular finish to the cast coast of Unum: a delicate rim to Albermarle and me give you another view of it. You're on a steamer, that looks so large at the dock and to little on the sea. A gale is roaring upon you from the east, thunder and lightning are raging at you from the west, the sea is black and white together rolling and foaming, and groaning, sinking and swelling, rushing and yawning; and the poor ship is struggling as with an army of Titans; up she lifts it again, and shakes herself like a Newfoundland dog just out of the stream. Theu, wearied, she is heaved over on. one side, till you think she'll never come up again; at last, with many a creak and sup of beam and brace, she finds a perpendicular, only to try the careen on the other side, with the same accompaniments. Put your head out on deck. Whew! how the gale swears through the rigging. Look at that angry wave coming at the side. There! it strikes the vessel; she shakes to her last fibre, and a young Niagara is poured upon her decks. As the shock is over, you see with horror that the wheelhouse is gone. Its wreck is furlongs away by this time, out among the sharks Oh! this won't do. So you go below again. You clutch at something at every step, . or you are on your black in a twinkling. Now you take three or four stees withmarvelous rapidity; then you halt most stupidly, as if waiting for an inspiration. The crbin-steps are anywhere from Horielevating himself to his full proportions, Study your time and seize your opportunity. There, you are in the cabin. Another fearful lurch. Crash ! That's the steward's crockery. There goes the stove! Quick! help gather up the or the ship will be on fire. The tir is close and sickish down here. Sounds of nausea are issuing out of every stateroom, forming a wretched chorus. You take refuge in your own stateroom. It is six feet by three; it has a smell of putrese nt antiquity. You can't tell which is floor and which is side, without come calculation. You find your physical system in sympathy with outward Nature. It is confused-unhappily mixed. The heels try to get to the head, and the stomach tries to get to the mouth. The stomach succeeds better than the heels. Ugh! how disgusting! You creep, a remnant of your former self, into your berth. Whack! That was another see on her beam. You rre lying on the floor, bewildered. Again you use the refrain: "Oh! this won't do." And up you crawl and slide and run and climb to the deck once more. It is the old thing, only mere so. The sailors, all dripping, are hanging on to the shrouds, stancheons, anything that will keep them on their legs. The smokestack is encrusted with salt. Everything see how the craft can hold together much longer, with all this wrenching and twist-

> know. Many persons who wear reading-glasses are sorely annoyed at the difficulty of keeping them in their proper position on esting to know that a rising young optician has devised a very ingenters expedient by which that end can be accomthe glasses upon it.

ing and breaking. Dear me! what's

orse, night is coming on-black, awful

Stop! I'll not go any further. I only

wished to answer the question, What is

Hatteras?" I've just been there, and I

night-in the midst of this bellowing,

boiling Tartarus!

sensation in a company of ladies by saying, "I have a wife in my eye!" But the sensation subsided when it was observed he was looking at wife of another man.

An incorrigible pachelor created a

A Virginia dog still yelps with de-